

U Thought It Was Over

Turk

Reporting live from WKQXL, The Lab
This is Connie Cargen, we have just been informed
That the rapper, Tad Virgil AKA Turk
Was released from the New Orleans Correctional Facility
At 6:30 PM Central time, he is reported to be raw and uncut
And has signed a deal with producer Kenoe
At Laboratory Records, in a record deal worth so much
It made me wanna start rapping
His contributions to hip-hop, have been very overlooked
But in a press conference, he said
(I can't be fucked with, nigga)

Uh-huh, homie, Young Turk, Kenoe
Laboratory nigga

I know you niggas want know, how I get back on the street
Cause I bought that time, that was offered to me
Can't hold a nigga like me down, too long
And if you was thinking that, my nigga you dead wrong
I had a hungry lawyer, and he ate the case
One more case, the mad lock on a bad day
Got the charge refused dismissed, and throwed out
Caught it out, when I fuck it every word out your mouth
Convinced the judge, that I'm not guilty
Plus it's rounding the next time, tell me if you feel me
If you don't feel that, you just green as grass
Or duck with orange feet, with your stupid ass
Look back to the subject, I told you I'll be home
Doing my thang again, with a number one song
And blow like the wind, be on top again
Drop another c.d., and sell ten million

You niggas thought it was over, but it ain't
Thought I couldn't bounce back, nigga you got ganked
Plus I know you niggas, was holding your nuts on me
Hoping that I won't bounce back again, homie

6:30 after roll call, I bounced out of jail
Got my niggas all, took my blanket and I bail
Called the street from H-O-T, central lock up by when
I'm on my way out, boo-koo niggas rolling in
Made my way to the back, waiting to put my clothes on
And while I was waiting, I asked to use that free phone
So I could have a ride, waiting outside
I ain't bout walking dog, I ain't gon even lie
Called my name out the do', now I'm at the front desk
Stare at my hand took my bag, hand me my pop-a-deck
Now I'm waiting at the front do', running out of patience
Cop taking his time, and I'm running out of patience
He finally let me out, and on my way out
Saw my girl in the lobby, with a smile on her mouth
Happy to see a nigga, bout to tear that ass up
Cause I'm fresh out of jail, and my dick rocked up nigga

Nigga, uh-uh-uh-uh, uh-huh, uh-uh-uh-uh-uh, uh-huh
Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh, uh-huh, uh Kenoe, Laboratory nigga
We bout to tear this motherfucking rap game up
Uh, I'm bout to get famous, hold on wait
I'm already famous nigga, respect it or check it ya understand
Uh, I get boo-yacka, boo-yacka, boo-yacka-yacka flames nigga
I'm bout that, don't get it twisted nigga
Cause I ain't missing ya heard me uh, uh-huh
Uh-huh nigga, uh-huh, uh-huh nigga
Uh-huh, uh-huh nigga, uh and it's like that